UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1196.

Original Poetry.

COME TO THE WOODS IN JUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON

Come to the woods in June,
The happiest we can spend
When Nature's lyres are all in tune,
And life all full of love.

Come when the morning light,
Advancing from afar,
Veils with a glory soft and bright
The smiling morning star.
While from the dewy sod,
And every wild-wood bow'r,
A thousand lute leather'd birds,
Ring out the matin hour.

Come when the sun is high,
And earth all full is bloom,
While every passing summer sigh
Is fanged with perfume;
When by the mountain fountain,
The waterfall red deer lies,
And upward leaves on country nook,
Have climb'd their wild bright eyes
When from the cool retreat,
And fairy of the sod,
A dreamy wood harp minstrelsy,
Speaks to the poet's soul.

Come when each mercury,
Of sensibility's graduated tree
And your Printing office,
Spirit, is wildest,
Most luxuriant gift of love,
When Nature's self is young,
Till even the sombre hemlock boughs
Are tipp'd with fringe of gold

Come when the sun is set,
And see along the West,
Heaven's curtain from the emerald gate,
Through which he pass'd to rest.
While brushwood on the fleecy
Beneath the cool sweet bowers,
Sing fairy legends soft and low
To groups of happy flowers;
While creeping formless shades
Make dimness stronger and dim,
And with the daylight subtly fades
The wild bird's evening hymn.

Come, when the woods are dark
And winds go fluttering by,
When here and there a glowworm lamp
Flame in the deep blue sky.
While gleaming far away
Beyond the forest's fleed
Lose in its misty mazinery,
The city of sea! God

Come to the dim path now—
Tis sweet to wander long,
With spirit mingling in the flow
Of time Eidolon's song
No human heart is at variance
To give us sigh for sigh,
Sweet spirits hover nigh
Softly they bid us kneel,
Upon the mossy sod,
Their unsing, draw aside the veil,
That shuts the stars from God.

Come to the forest now,
If thou art fair and gay,
Here are bright wild flowers on thy brow,
And songs at love all day.

Come, if thy heart is lone,
Here are pure wreaths for thee,
Suit twilight, and the soothing tone,
Of nature's melody.

Come, if thy soul is wrung,
And feels the need of grace,—
Here meets the dark wood's unsung,
Yes, God is in this place!

Original Novel.

MARIAN;
Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MARIAN HEWLETT, AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "WOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

In one of those quiet, grave, half-pastoral, half-sylvan, which may be found in hundreds channelling the steep sides of the moorland hills, and sending down the tribute of their pure limestone springs to the broad rivers which fertilize, no less than they adorn, the rich valleys of Western Yorkshire, there might be seen to this day the ruins of an old dwelling house, situate on a spot so picturesque, so wild, and so romantic, that whoever looked on it had continued to survey it with delight.

Not a little color or no finish met on my hand; and I was at a loss for effect. Every thing that was bold when in your effect, or out, on those parts which I had left in shade, I was forced to soften down.

Jayne, No. 30 South Third

Come to the forest now,
If thou art fair and gay,
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The gorge, within the mouth of which the venerable pile was seated, formed the broadest valley of Wharfdale from the north-eastern side, enjoying the full light and warmth of the southern sun, while although very broad at its origin, where its crystal rivulet springs up from the lonely well-head, fringed by a few pines and a few tufts of heather, it soon narrowed into a mere ravine

etes, on the other hand, were instinctively careful, in their respective domiciles, to keep no hint even of their marital secrets. Even as though Timothy had merely a bright smile from Matty of a morning, he he swept out the room and took down the curtains, and after a second floor window, reading or writing—though it very often happened that she had an errand to do in the next street whenever he went out with a parcel—it invariably chanced that if he pass, by some mysterious coincidence, that in whatever direction she took her walk on Sunday afternoon, she did not meet once every fur in a nap after dinner, she had gone once every fur from her own home before he was accidentally overtaken, slowly proceeding in the same direction. Even though by these somewhat delicately innocent contrivances the flame of their love was smothered and kept burning, the vigilance of parental suspicion had apparently never been aroused; and they have had been mutually avowed, sighed over, kissed upon had ratified by the most solemn vows of fidelity, ere even what might, under the parental eyes were as yet utterly ignorant of their having ever met or spoken together.

Such was the state of affairs between that two houses at the opening of our tale; the old folks keeping up the dignity of their quarrel with commendable vigor, and making money, meanwhile, at a very handsome per centage on their capital, the young ones up to the line in love, a little down-hearted sometimes at the thought of the blow-up that must come over all their secret should be discovered, but on the whole, comfortable enough, and preserving an excellent appetite. Your lovers, mere lovers, are not silly enough to let Cupid interfere with their breakfast and dinner—starving, indeed, like wise people, that stone is not half so nourishing food for love as meat beef or mutton.

But the crisis of their fate was approaching; and it came in a way that they had little expected. Thomas was startled out of a quiet pensive reverie one Monday morning, when his father and he were the only occupants of the shop, by the absurd question who that pretty girl was with whom he had been walking the day before. He blushed to the very back of his head—let fall the vardstick from his trembling fingers—and for a minute could find no voice to answer. The thought of telling a lie flashed through his mind, perhaps for the first time in his life; but he resisted it like a good one as he was, and at length replied, in a faint voice, "Miss Medlin, sir!" He was unconscious the amazement the answer occasioned no storm of wrathful reproaches; if he could trust his eyes there was even the momentary twinkle of a smile on his father's eyes, quickly followed, however, by a "Humph! and how long have you been Miss Medlin, sir?" The question was too direct for evasion; but just as he was preparing to answer it, with downcast eyes, a customer came in and the business of the day commenced.

Nothing further passed until the next morning, when the same question was abruptly repeated, and the answer given. It elicited only another "Humph," and again the subject was dropped.

Poor Thomas did not know what to make of all this. His enquiries took all manner of conflicting directions, and he would have given his silver watch-guard for an opportunity of speaking five minutes with his mistress; but the governor sent out the parcels by other clerks and he had no pretext for leaving the shop. Could it be possible that the old gentleman was on full as to regard nothing? Could his confirmed acquaintance of eight years with Matilda be looked upon as only an episode after all? Were flattering eyes so little sharpened by rivalry in trade and personal animosity as not to see that she was the prettiest girl within the sound of Bow-bells? Or latterly judgment so obtuse as not to appreciate the probability of her charms having in that a powerful ally? He did the old gentleman justice in that because the fathers could not hitch horses together, the children must keep them at a distance, as a matter of course! The youth puzzled himself in vain with endeavoring to trace these but the more he thought the more it was to no purpose; and he went to sleep at last on a hair's breadth of every idea he was in the morning.

Nothing more was said for nearly a week but at last the senior approached the subject again, as abruptly as before, but this time with a most intelligible meaning of what was going on in his mind.

"I say, Tom," he began, "that's a fine girl of Medlin's. Old man will die rich, too. Somebody be snapping her up one of these days, eh?"

Tom stared in unequivocal amazement; the old gentleman winked hard at him, first with one eye and then with both, then made use of a sort very bare putting some indescribable to rights, and after awhile added, with a sagacious cast gout, "I say, Tom, plague the old rascal to death if he don't send for all—get married, eh?" The old gentleman gave a scrutinizing glance at the long row of bottles on the first tier were all in line, and then with a grave face proceeded to sort out the little memorandum books ready to distribute among the clerks before they began business.

Tom was not remarkably bright, but there was clearly a broad hint for him in what the governor had said, and he took it. The matter grew clear to his mind s eye as he thought upon it. To carry off Medlin's daughter might be to feel for the grudge that Tappner bore him—to hurt him in his tenderest point; and though Tom's natural good feelings would have disapproved the malice of the suggestion on the part of his respected sire, his own love, his own happiness and the happiness of his adored Matilda were thrown into the scale with his father's wishes, and down it went, while the governor, the other and the feelings of Medlin flew aloft like cork. The thing was determined on.

That day Tom was sent out with the first parcel ordered home for a customer; and on that he Matty happened to do with other than the minutes after Tom's departure. What conversation they had I do not know to tell—for one very good reason, that it was not overheard by anybody, and I do not know. I only know that somehow or other they had a long walk together in the evening; and, to make short of the story that before the month was out they were off to Gretna. I have heard, in a roundabout sort of way, that Matilda was overcome to an excessive degree by the consummation of her wishes; that she seriously and act, were not overcome entirely by the first subjection; this being decided somewhat by two or three mysterious expressions which dropped from her lips, one of which gave her the idea that to track old Tappner by natural and very against his inclination, would not be a very unpleasing exploit for number 47 Cheapside—or rather for the possessor of that establishment.

Be that as it may, however, the young folks went off as soon as the knot was tied by the Scotch parson. Tom's pocket being well lined for the occasion of the journey by his much future father. They had plenty of chuckling as they reckoned over their expenses and calculated on the amicable submission which, so happily for them, was in no one but the right direction. Tom had a comfortable sum in the funds, besides by their stocks of north as they amused themselves either with some sketches of what the old folks would think and say when they found out how each had "done it" for himself.

And what did the old folks think and say? We shall see.

Very early on their matrimonial journey after affairs had come on a pleasant day in December. On the evening of that same day, two remarkable orderly gentlemen, of topping fashion and respectability, sat down to dinner over a bowl of cold punch in a private room of the Washington Arms in Bishopsgate Street Within; each had a fast long pipe in his mouth, and a glass before him; and they were altogether unmistakably comfortable.

"Well, Tim," remarked one of them, "we've managed the thing nicely, haven't we?"

"Very, Tim," responded the other, "I've been years now, we've been in partnership, carried on a flourishing business, and made a fortune of money—married our children to their mutual satisfaction, and all that sort of thing—and never had a word to speak of, or a quarrel worth a pinch of snuff. Nicely done, Tom, first and last."

"Great care, Tom, great management, and great knowledge of human nature, I thought we were trying it rather too strong at first, when we put the young people into our own hands, eh?"

"Be sure, Tim, for a while, but we managed the hearts of the young people pretty well after all."

"So we did, Tom, so we did; and I'll tell you what, Tom, I've been thinking of a plan—"

"Have you, Tim? Let's hear it."

"A New Arrangement" [illegible] Tennessee, [illegible] fatal to [illegible] and in the [illegible] fierce [illegible] of the [illegible] and bi-penal ability [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] on the New Bedford [illegible] Spanish frigate Cleopatra [illegible] a reef on the coast of [illegible] her boats, with an officer, [illegible] to carry out a stream [illegible] by the natives and eight [illegible] the lieutenant.

[illegible] steam ships leave Liverpool [illegible] this country. Some leave [illegible] for summer we shall have [illegible]

[illegible] steamer Missouri, in which Mr. Clenling sailed so far as the Mediterranean, just says. It will be a sad blow to the much fat-leaf of Clenling [illegible] and Expositor a passage; and that [illegible] what at the head of the palace in the evening, [illegible] some gone mutinously, and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Notices of New Works.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, for July. Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.—This number is unique in its character, and is a most delightful one. Introduced by the editor, John Inman, Esq. We doubt whether it would be to the purpose of any man in the country to be furnished so much matter still as various. We have here twenty pieces of prose, tales pathetic and humorous, as well as prose, criticism on literature and paintings, a recherche and interesting "Country of Literature," in a history of the country of the Zulus, and a variety of exquisite papers in the "Fracas of Education," and some other articles, all well done, we have no doubt. Finally for the direction of the authorship of any one thing which may be found to appear, no name has been given, and it will be anonymous, and yet unclaimed by any name which looks like a real one. Brief as is the "list of contributors" to the number, we have strong reason to believe that, not the number only longer. The embellishments are portraits of the editor, and of the celebrated actress, now near Cold Spring, and a plate of Vandome. This number is of the size of the Knickerbocker. To begin to hear from the publisher, of the success of his enterprise.

THE LOU CARET. By the Author of the Three Experiments of Living, &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.—This title Mrs Lee's other stories, so remarkable for ingenuity—for a certain quaintness of style, and for an excellence that it is a written story, and seems to be intending to somebody's narrative of his own life, pleasantly, honestly, and admirably told. There is sufficient adventure to make it interest, but nothing to violate probability, or even to call for the slightest effort on the part of the reader. The moral and aim of the book are excellent and apparent, without being unduly pressed forward, or located in the with any effect on the part of the author to be wise in her generation. Indeed this spirit of pseudo-superiority which is most unpleasant, is singularly evidenced in most of the pleasant passages in the story, in which a boy schoolmaster endeavors to instruct a woman in the art of writing written circular. There are nice shadings of character in some of the other personages, who figure in the story, and it is made to preserve its individuality. It not striking is a quiet and excellent, and will please every reader who may take it up.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND NON PICTORIAL BIBLE. No. 5, of this magnificent work, has been received by Robinson & Peterson, and by Zieber & Co. of Boston. It includes from the XIIth of Leviticus, and has an embellishment made by Chapman, which is one of the best specimens in the Jewish worship, and performance of the ceremonial law. The vignettes and other cuts are as in the previous numbers, sweet little pictures, and the whole number is an attractive one, and well executed. The interest with which each number is looked for by the public is unabated; and the sale of the Bible by the agents, is only a rapid demonstration of the favor which it has met with. which cannot be printed fast enough to supply the demand. We see the Messrs. Harper announce the Illustrated New Testament immediately, that the public wish for an early completion of the work. Such is anticipated in a most highly gratifying to the purchasers. We express the pleasant recognization of the manner in which the book has been executed.

TRADITIONS AND FAITY LEGENDS of the South of Ireland. By Thomas Crofton Croker. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.—Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Croker's railway can fail to recognize old acquaintances in this delightful volume, which he collected and published. Croker leads a patient among the preservers of Irish lore of gentle from which none can dispossess him, though many may read, that of wonders and romance of the Emerald Isle, yet when it is better related and seldom recalled, while to regain him in the pleasant manner in which he has made illustrations. It may be kind of Robinson & Peterson.

IRELAND CAELIE.—A new translation—new in this country—has appeared in the Boston Miscellany of Literature—Emilie Carles, and translations of one of her works are in the Saturday Post. Petersons and Zieber & Co. Philadelphia the Rose of Tralee, or Truths Ireland, and different from those of Miss Jane Porter, and containing more truth and incident, but it lacks, of course, the thoughtfulness of the "Neighbors," and other books of that series. It will win its way to public favor, and will revive the Swedish lover, which had become nearly extinct.

ANDREW'S MAGAZINE. Philadelphia: Perrott & Co.—The number contains a variety of matter, well selected, and shows some tasteful improvements and alterations in a much needed volume. The "Lines to a Lady" are from a Morning Scene from Copp. The matter includes contributions from and from the Germans and the French, &c. One little sketch, which we have copied into the day's paper, we commend to the attention of readers. They are bad as it but well worth practising upon.

THE LADIES' COMPANION. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.—The number contains these plates: Joseph Smit in the lunacies, a Midnight Scene, and a Scene from Fair Verona. The dresses of the number are furnished by Mesdames Eliza, Embury, Sigourney, Osgood, Hewitt, Ellet, Gilman, Nichols, Macaria, and others. The papers embrace a fair variety of matter, and the Companion looks well in all respects.

ROSE D'ALBRET; or Troubled Times. A Romance. By G. P. R. James. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.—Another novel from the very prolific brain of James—we cannot say per, for he publishes so much that we cannot read it, or and two or three books in a time, to different scribes The scene is laid in the days of the Ballois, and will belong to Jamaica, not unless there is was fallen on with by the Spanish and into Key West.

Rose of the March Chink Gazette are, Wyoming Valley will can half a million of tons of coal in twenty years. Wilkesbarre Gazette.

Long Transcript states that public house honored to tell either of Washington, Tyler, or Marion in Virginia, town.

George Mortimer, owner of C. C., was killed on the overturning of his ownership of his horse becoming

Orleans Pimpayne says, the on a war with this country as the Mexicans, and idea that could still successful in

ses M Gimlie, the Engineer, scalled by the blowing up of eland, died at Pittsburg, on ay week, from the effects of

assenger, on board a Chanton last, was a few days ago, ing a child instantly after.

lately shot to Cainsville, Mis- and was held to bail, without in width. He weighed over

Ashville, in the State of Ohio, ubscription Canvass in Cam- ubscribers, and has received ubscription Canvass in Cam- ubscribers, and has received

Austria is said to ing Hungary, and to ing Hungary, and to

ent of the United States, ed to be President

ed to be President

ed to be President

From the Monthlies.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE

There is a voice through our city ever,
But not with its thronging footsteps blent;
It hath no part in the busy endeavor
That rise in a ceaseless discontent.
It comes to the ear of the dreamer by rock and hill
When he leaves his lowering toiling,
And the words of that pleasant voice are still—
"Come forth to meet the spring!"

For the comers to fall of promise
As when Eden's footsteps lingered there.

"Come forth, for the light of hot smiles hath shone
On the bright face of the earth,
And the waves have learned a softer tone,
There are green with the dawn of gentle showers,
There are rich in the colors of many flowers,
Come forth, for the buds of another spring
May all in brightest bloom be seen,
For the trees of the churchyard's grounds may bring
Their shade o'er mortal's tomb.
And eyes that are beaming brightly now
May gaze no more on the coming glow."

They hear that remonstrate loud and long,
In the crowded haunts of the toiling throng,
It fills the dreams of the poisoned child
With the songs of the sweetest bird of wild;
But it whispers here in the sleepless ear
Of the maiden young and pale,
Of a cottage home by a fountain clear,
In a far and sunny land.
And the young heart answers with a prayer
For the lot of the birds and blossoms there.

It speaks by the prisoner's dreary walls,
Of a clearer blue the sad's broad sheet,
Of lovely dells and of breezy upland,
Of the waving woods and the mountain vineyard,
And, oh! how its listener heareth not
By the rich and lonely land,
By the city of the world's wealth and woe!
Where the would-flowers' scents are dead,
But the spring-time shines on the cold pavement
Hath never heightened our earthly scenes.

It speaks, in the sweetness of each honey-note,
Of sweeter love, where the violets bloom
By leaves in spring, where he left the sun
And love, perchance, of his highest youth,
Till the watery eye from the past and pray
Turns fondly back at last
To the joy of its early heritage;
In the glow of sunlight it speaks
Far sought for the spring-time's promised gaze
Hath half the light of those sunnier days.

It breathes on the sick in hours of rest,
A dream of the land he loves the best,
Till he cannot arise to his manhood's home,
But might weak the sponge his cheek to moisten,
Or the cup to his parching lips restore
The cool, refreshing kiss of spring.
The hopes of those early springs once more!
For the flesh fail to enjoy
But they never can be when they have been
To the heart before it lost its power.

"Come forth, come forth!" how that joyous call
To rest like the winds of Heaven to fly!
But it comes to vain to many a heart,
For the life hold but its better part
Ah! we for the hopeless years that bring
No memories to their flight!
But joy to the land of ever promised spring,
Where the flowers have every bloom!
For hearts who have lost their verdure here
May find it yet in that land of hope!
Then faintly murmurs a broken string,
A cypress by the dawning breath
But it wakens no more the harp whose swell
Hath answered to every wind that blew,
Who kissed their fair and bowed them long,
And laid them down to rest.
For they left our parks for the mansions sung
Of the minstrel's "Better Land,"
And the city may listen in vain for them,
Till the spring-breeze wakens such a harp again.

PHOEBE HUNTLEY.

FROM ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Not going to the ball!" said Mrs. Lindley, with a look half-tone of surprise. "What has come over the girls?"

"I don't know, but she says she's not going."

"Doesn't her ball dress fit?"

"Yes, beautifully."

"What is the real starting point in life?"

"Indeed, ma, I cannot tell. You had better go up and see her. It is the strangest notion in the world. Why, you couldn't hire me to stay at home."

Mrs. Lindley went up stairs, and entering her daughter's room, found her sitting on the side of the bed, with a half dressed ball dress in her hand.

"It isn't possible, Helen, that you are not going to this ball?" she said.

Helen looked up, with a half serious, half smiling expression on her face.

"I've been trying for the last half hour," she replied, "to decide whether I ought to go, or stay at home. I think, perhaps, I ought to remain at home."

"But what earthly reason can you have for doing so? Don't you like music?"

"O yes! very much. I think it beautiful."

"Does it fit you?"

"As well as any dress I ever had."

"Are you not well?"

"Very well."

"Then why not go to the ball? It will be the largest and most fashionable of the season. You know that your father and myself are both going. We should regard it as a favor, of course. Your father will require some very good reason for your absence."

Helen looked perplexed at her mother's last remark.

"Do you think father will be displeased if I remain at home?" she asked.

"I think he will, whenever you can satisfy him that your reason for doing so is a very good one. Nor shall I feel that you are doing right. I wish all my children to act under the government of a sound, principled discipline, for reasons to be spoken of freely to their parents, should in no case influence their actions."

Helen sat thoughtful for more than a minute, and then said, her eyes growing dim as she spoke:

"I wish to stay at home for Edward's sake."

"And why for him, dear child?"

"He does it go to the ball, you know."

"Because he is to-morrow, and too backward. You could not have him to go there. But, that is no reason why you should remain at home. You would never partake of any social amusement, were this always to influence you. Let him spend the evening in reading. He must not expect his sisters to deny themselves all recreation in which he cannot or will not participate."

He does not. I know he would not hear to such a thing as my staying at home on his account."

"Then why stay?"

"Because I feel that I ought to do so. This is the way I have felt all day, whenever I have thought of going. If I were to go, I know that I would not sound with a moment's enjoyment. He need not know why I remain at home. To tell him that I did not wish to go will satisfy his mind."

I shall not urge the matter, Helen," Mrs. Lindley said, after a silence of some moments. "You are old enough to judge in a matter of this kind for yourself. But I must say I think you rather foolish. You and Edward could dispose of to sacrifice so much for you."

"Of that I do not think, mother. Of that I could not think."

"Perhaps not to think. You may do as you like. But, I don't what your father will say."

Mrs. Lindley then left the room.

Edward Lindley was at the critical age of eighteen; that period when many young men, especially those who have been favored with sisters, would have highly enjoyed a ball. But Edward was of a "tough" and fastidious temper, and could hardly ever be induced to go out to parties on his sisters' account. Still, he was intelligent for his years, and companionable. His many good traits made him a favorite in the family, and drew forth from his sisters towards him a more than common regard.

Among his male friends were several about his own age, members of families with which his own was on friendly terms. With most of these associated frequently, and, with two or three, quite intimately. For a month or more Helen noticed that one and another of her young friends called every now and then to see Edward, in the evening, and that he was with them for about an hour. This did not seem less than sisters were from home. But, when it became a matter of frequent occurrence, and with three young men, and for a good deal longer than an hour, Helen, though she said nothing, troubled herself not a little about the matter. She doubted the motive of such visits. She always entertained fears of any thing unusual. Still a sensation of relief came over her, after every departure of a visitor. But, why Helen, they had all left, and there was no unpleasant did not wish to be disturbed. She commenced thought of any thing unusual. Finally, she decided that it was all right, and, after a while, ceased to think about it.

Upon a certain time, an orator, who wished to advocate the construction of a new turnpike through a section of Virginia, made the following sublime speech: "Mr. President, your worships! While Europe is convulsed in civil discords, and her empires trouble with internal commotions; and, while her senators mess mount the wings of their imaginations, and soar through the ethereal void, perusing and their course from planet to planet, and from system to system, until they have finished the circle of the universe, and returned to our own origination to a road more convenient to our own neighborhood."

A young buck, of the soapluck order, who wore his pantaloons tight, because, in his own words, "looked foreign," lately accosted a Yankee as follows: "Say, you is a Freshman, and some take me for an Elephee—now what do you think I am?" "I think you are a darned fool," replied Jonathan.

"Mrs. Squeeze, how's your husband this afternoon?" "Well, the doctor says as how as if he lives till sunrise, he shall have every chance of it; but as he don't live till morning, he sings I have no hopes."

When Themistocles went to Andros to demand a tribute, he said to the inhabitants of the gods with me, Force and Persuasion." He was answered, "We have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a big fish on the right side of the line, and will make frightful bother, but it cannot land you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

A lady being at a grocery, was shown some good honey. "Sir," said her lord, "you know I have a little to try, and if she liked it, she would send and get a half a pound."

An exchange paper says, "the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania have to haul up to get their beaux, and sometimes take up with lawyers and printers."

A heartless conundrite is a perfect incarnation of fiend, for when her trembling lover is about to pop the question, she has her beau in a "quiret."

"Why is marrying a single woman, more unlucky than marrying a widow? Answer: Because the former is a maid."

THE LAST WISH.

[The celebrated Wilson, the arcabuciger, requested that he might be buried near some water spot. The following epitaph was written by Turner. The name of the author is unknown to us.]

In some wild forest shade,
Where rocks and waters murmur by the spring pure,
Or ship ahoy, tossed with the gambling vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive shall my dust molest,
But o'er me songs of the wild bird shall float,
And sweet flowers rest.

Set amid charmed waters,
Or endless fall the sweet dew of the ancient world,
With tattered pall, and fringe of darkened gold,
Let me be laid.

But let the dewy cone,
The sacred nurse of the forest pertinax
Above the spot whence, in my grassy tomb,
I shall be laid.

Your after pine,
Within the silence hath rear e'er me long,
The chirping wren shall rear her cadaver young;
Shall build her dwelling one

And ever at the purple dawn of day
The lark shall chant a fragrant song to me,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her lover of love,
Where I am gone.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden robin and the noisy jay,
And waken, with a mellow gush of sound,
The echoes long.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes sail with dusky wings to me,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to my sleep.

Western Stories.

A WESTERN SCHOOL.

FROM "THE LOG CABIN."

At length the day arrived on which I was to open my school. The section allotted by the government was generally poor. The school house was built in a rough style, with logs split, the children's seats benches made of the same, but far from timber land.

It was a beautiful morning as I recollect there was a picturesque beauty about these buildings—standing alone, each one by itself, in the midst of nature's own springing meadow, the brightest hue—that soul gladdening green heart. The sun flowers, with their golden shine, were in full bloom, and their gigantic stalks, in many instances, were as high as the roof of the house. I have scarcely attended a dwelling in this country. The period of which I speak was in the great romantic days of the early settlers, when the axe of the pioneer first echoed through the forest, and when their forest companions were placed there by the hand of God for use; and, consequently, were not destroyed. I determined to make my school as attractive as possible, by the exercise of ingenuity in making the spot pleasant. Ingenuity in making home I will observe, is a quality which is not nearly enough cultivated in this country. It is a quality which gives a peculiar charm to existence, and here too many of the comforts of domestic happiness. I will only mention that my boys, and girls, were always permitted, when they were many, proceeded from the school house to the adjoining woods, and had an ever-warming ambition, stimulated by parental affection, were disproportionate to the progress of others.

My boys who behaved well and acquired the best lessons obtained the highest honors in the class. This drew him an abundance of ill-will, which soon came to a head. The quarrel to fight at parasol. The mother, whose son had been whipped, came to the school house, in a state of excitement, almost every day, finding that he continued at the foot of the class, came to remonstrate.

"I should like to know what James has done that he is punished so often," she would say.

"The difficulty is," I replied, "that he has done nothing, and therefore suffers."

"Well, I won't have it, so how; so you may as well turn up at the head, and behave well, or I'll take him away from school; for I won't have him told you can do."

"Perhaps," said I, "if you let him come steadily, he may get his lessons, and shortly take his turn at the head."

"But I can't cease him: I want him to help me. Can't I, Jim?"

"Yes," said Jim, "you want me to drive out the cows and tuck baby while you go a visiting."

That's a thumper. It is not so much thing you know you are out of sight as soon as my back is turned, pretend the master's gone."

The boys were attentive to the conversation, and I would not lose this opportunity of giving them a lesson.

"Mrs. Barber, I can do no more for your son than for any other of the children. I give her own lessons—no human power can do it for him. If you've sent he has been under disadvantages, and the same opportunities of learning as the rest of the children, if he is now at the bottom of the class; if he does not improve the opportunities given him, and is idle and mischievous, I can't help it. I have done, and there is no use in his coming to school."

"James," said I, addressing him mildly, "would you like to be at the head of the class?"

"Very well, you must work for it; do you see how they are getting on?"

If a man owns a whole section of land, he cannot have a farm without enclosing it. If he sells off the ground and sow his grain. Now, boys, each of you owns a farm in his own right. You must go to your fields for the harvest. Attend to Father—and a noble gift it is, and full of resources. Father, the great one's,

My mind a kingdom is

We will say my mind as a farm; now what can you do for it first? all crop answered, make the the one that answers best shall be at the head of the class during this month. Now go to your seats to think it over."

The next day Mrs. Barber began to take some interest in the question, for she seated herself exclaiming, "Here I am."

At the end of the ten minutes I took out my watch, and called for an answer. Some replied I will fence mine, others, I will sow mine, and mellons in mine; but most of them said, I will think about it. James looked me in the face, "I have not answered," said I.

"Well, Jim, say what you think?" I marked his kindling eye.

"I'd drain it," said he, "and clear away the stumps and the rubbish, and then I'd plough it and sow grass."

Go uppermost," said I, "you have answered best."

I ought to say that from this time James was regular at school, and seemed gradually to receive a new impulse; his mother was satisfied for he was sometimes at the head of his class.

WIFE LOST.

SCENE IN A STEAMBOAT.—AN ATTIAL OCCURRENCE.—"Which is the captain of this boat?" inquired a tall, athletic man, as he came out of the cabin of a steamboat with great precipitancy.

"That gentleman yonder," said a bystander. "Are you the captain, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is my wife?"

"Indeed, I do not know, sir—I have not seen her."

"Now, captain, this is too bad. I came on board the boat last night, and paid you my dollar and a quarter for myself and wife. I should like to know where my wife has been put."

"Have you been to the ladies cabin?"

"Yes—but she is not there."

"Shall I have the pleasure of the lady's name?"

"Mrs. Maria Smith, the wife of Jerome V. Smith, the celebrated author."

"Mary, (to the chambermaid,) is Mrs. Maria Smith in the ladies' cabin?"

"No, sir," she replied, "I've inquired, and she has not been there."

"There—I told you, so," said Mr. Smith, in great consternation.

"Captain," said a way standing by, "suppose John should ring the bell all through the boat?" "Good idea," said Mr. Maria Smith who came on board last night, cannot be found."

The bell was rung, and I counted a hundred voices at once.

"Now, a ocean-colored Leon, with an eye like an lago's, set his bell a-going, crying aloud at every turn in the road, for the lost wife of every person who knows where she is will please hand her up in the cabin, and call for the lost husband of the inconsolable husband."

John bawled through the boat, somewhat to the amusement of the passengers, and finally reached the upper deck, when, in passing the chimney, he met the object of his search, and to his great delight, he raised his voice to the attention of the captain—"Lost, Mrs. Maria Smith, the lady that fairly rushed out of one of them, evidently distracted to her husband, who—I'm sorry I am lost! Here I am. Where's Jerome?"

It is needless to say she gave a very pleasant turn to the whole affair; and the captain (good fellow!) escaped the charge of stealing a man's wife.

Selected Articles.

THE OLDEST MINISTER IN THE WORLD.

The Boston Journal prefaces the following letter, which appeared originally in the New York Independent, with the following remarks:

Mr. Harvey now resides in Frankfort, New York, and although one hundred and nine years old, is engaged in the duties of the ministry in his holy profession. There are gentlemen in this city who have seen him, and who tell us he can vouch for the truth of the statements given below. He is also said to be able to walk to this summer to hear the old patriarch preach. May he live a thousand years!

Dr. Bacheler—Sir: I am happy to inform you that Father Harvey is still in the land of the living, enjoying comfortable health. Last Sunday, in company with my esteemed neighbor Rufus Hubbell, Esq., I visited him. He was at the house, we enquired for Father Harvey, and were informed that he was in the field, with a team of a field, half a mile from the house. We found that going to the field to see him, and thought I that he was unusually healthy and strong for one that might follow a man on a plough; however, before I got to the end of the furrow, I had my doubts. When we came to him and were introduced to him, he was swamped, standing informed of the object of our visit. He was pleased to see us, and seemed to be much delighted. On a round, his own cradled correctly many years ago, with his own hands.

After being seated with our first acquaintance circumstances, I asked him if he preached. He replied that he could be prevailed on to preach the one more day, (five years ago) to afternoon of the next Sabbath, which was gather with me by leaving Frankfort. It is certainly remarkable that a person so aged as he is, should be distinctly events of so late date. He still preaches occasionally. I remembered that there is not always as but I shall endeavor to be present when you visit that this place three years since.

Not only the wild birds, but our domestic poultry are occasionally heard to make some very significant remarks. It is a remarkable fact that the common domestic call-note of "Quack, quack, quack!" whenever a doctor's sulkey passes by their door. But the most extraordinary of all the feathered tribe, is that of chanticleer, which may be regarded as a standing advertisement for the pills he has been waged in the civilized community. Old Dr. Graham of our place is made to say, "I sit up wings, and vociferates at the top of his voice, 'Graham's pills! Graham's pills!' Whenever a neighboring rooster, another answers 'So they do sir! So they do!' This is no fanciful picture, but corresponds at a considerable distance, "So they do sir! so they do sir!"

ARRIVAL OF THE LATE SIR EDWARD NASH.—When a young man, travelling in a post chaise, arrived at the Nash mansion-house, he presented a pistol into the window and demanded his money or his life. Sir Edward, who was then a child, seeing the pistol was a mere toy, and that the person was not armed, ran to the stable, mounted the pistol from it, dragged him out of the chaise, and then, with the help of a man to keep him quiet, ordered the post boy to drive on. The man was astonished at the trick, and the high-waymen were accustomed with "So easy, sir!" "So easy, sir!" "So easy, sir!" The science-stricken robber kept pleading, till at length the chaise reached the captains' lodgings, when he was taken out of the chaise and coach, walked up to the garret, and locked there. Sir Edward, as the first, and the next time he stopped a coach, to rap at the window and ask if Ned Nagle was inside, before he ventured to put his hand into the door.

CURATIVE.—For the benefit of those who do not know much about up country fashions, we copy the following paragraph from a letter written by the courting business" in the region of New London, New Hampshire. It is taken from a letter in the Nashua Oasis:

A good many young men meets a girl at a Lyceum apple-and-cider party, on the evening of a rainy day, and takes her home in a sleigh-ride. She blushes and agrees to go. Then the matter rests until the day for the gal' sewing out the promised young lady, and comes home with a question something like the following:

"And so you've got a gal, eh?" the young man is greeted with the flattering notice, and in short order he is ushered into the house, and is a great sawing of time, and a desided impediment on the part of the gal.

The Visiter.—It is the established rule in Modern romance literature, to represent bad men as ugly, and good men as handsome, as the strong and powerful men. But in real life we find that the ugly man is often the best man, and all, the upright, the noble man also is strong and powerful, and the bad man is weak, and his deeds flow to death. The base, the mean mind may for a time appear strong and modest; but the honor of mankind does not long rest in the break of irresolution or cowardice proves that the heart is faithless and corrupt.—Bad he knows he sounds upon trembling ground.

THE DEATH OF THE POOR.

Prone on awhile with reverent breath,
He ask and receive of death,
A kind parent by the hand of death
To an inheritance of rest,
The ball hath fallen!—another frame
Is laid in the dust from whence it came!
What needs it now his rank or name,
Where now his hope and fear?

Unbare the head!—ye stand within
A consecrated scene!
Though foul and lone the evening
Which found the sufferer dead,
Though angels have been found from above
To bear the parted soul away,
There was a human witness there
Upon this place of rest!

Earth, then hast none to mourn him here,—
Not one to shed a tear!
But He who saw the poor man's heart,
And there few wants shall feel!
The eye of God is on the grave,
And gorgeous tears are given;
He counts the sighs no mortal hears,
And pours affords high heart.

The earth hath no such power
A sainted heart doth show
To pass in its unbroken calm,
A mortal eye unseen;
Yet there is one hath fixed a seat
Where countless millions be!
Yet there is one hath numbered
Every pulse that throbs for Him!

Agriculture.—We have daily proofs that there is no person who can so tends to produce life as that of the farmer. There are in Western Pennsylvania two brothers, farmers, the oldest of whom is 88, and the youngest 70 years old. They have families, and tend to the farm among the myrtle with their sons and grandsons. All of them are healthy. In Massachusetts Ploughman boasts that he has been a ploughman all his life, and can now plough and who has not feel too old to learn, by reading something new about farming.

Mourning Powder.—Put in a saucepan a pint of sugar-house molasses, a tea-spoonful of powdered ginger, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Simmer it over hot coals for half an hour, stirring it frequently. Then strain it through a sieve, and use it as occasion requires. Half of the above will be sufficient for a common family.

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Choice Selections

MAN'S FRAILTY.

How few and evil are the days,
Of man, through sorrow's maze!
Trouble and pain! the cup of tears!
The tender infant springs to bear!
Age, withering age, and then the night
Of death, the last dark night!
—Man is but frailty!

And must these look on?
Yes, they must look on with close
A worse, the whole!
Yes, they must see the day,
An unmanned, unconscious sleep,
Man feels not!
—Oh, he is frailty!

Man lives, and loves, and suffers,
Man lives, and loves, and dies,
And the world forgets him!
And must it be so?
Must we, when some short hours have passed,
Forget our parts a hundred thousand dollars."

Corbet says, "Women, so amiable in themselves, are the cause of all the misery in the world."

Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul, like the sunshine into the flower, but surely expanding it into beauty and vigor.

Piety which does not sweeten a man's natural temper, and make him more kind and gentle than he would be if he had no religion, is not piety at all.

All professions, it is said, have their mysteries—those are precisely the points in which consist their weakness or knavery.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTI E-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation of Graham's Magazine, which it now enjoys in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from the unexampled success and boundless sale of our publication, we are resolved to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of booksellers and the trade generally.

A Large Assortment of the New-Style Curtain Fixtures.

CONSUMPTIVES DO NOT DESPAIR!!

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR AND WOOD NAPHTHA, the most certain and speedy remedy ever discovered for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, and every affection of the throat and lungs.

The readers attention is requested to the following AUTHENTIC CURE of a lady well known in this city.

Philadelphia, March 9, 1844.

Mr. S. Thomson—*Dear Sir*—Although unsolicited by you, I feel it my duty to inform you of the wonderful effects I have experienced from your Compound Syrup of Tar. I take pleasure in saying that I was given over by my physicians, and had been confined to my bed for three months, when I heard of your medicine, which I commenced using with some misgiving, when the patient was so near the grave. I am happy to say that I am now restored to perfect health, which I attribute entirely to your medicine. I am a native of the State of New York, and was married in Albany, where I knew the article to be beneficial, and that I can with confidence recommend it to the afflicted, and will cheerfully answer any letters addressed to me.

JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.

Dr. D. Jayne, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third St. Vermilyar, Germantown Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Hair Tonic, for sale by agents.

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!

THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT!

The following testimonial, says the Pittsburg Daily Gazette, is from a gentleman well known to Dr. D. Jayne, at the Franklin Head Printing Office. Third street above Market, Philadelphia. Mr. Jayne's Medicines compare favorably with any known, and are deservedly popular. Mr. Jayne's Expectorant, we know from our own experience, is a most excellent medicine for Coughs, Colds, &c., and we believe that the Doctor has discovered the secret of preparing it in a more perfect manner than it has ever been before. Mr. Jayne's Medicines are for sale by all the druggists.

Pittsburg, Oct. 20, 1847.

Mr. A. Jayne—*Dear Sir*—Having purchased of you a bottle of your Expectorant, I can say with pleasure that it has done me more good than any medicine I have ever taken for a cough. I was troubled with a cough for more than a year, and had taken a great deal of medicine, but found no relief until I got a bottle of your Expectorant, which relieved me almost immediately. I have since recommended it to many of my friends, and they have found relief from its use. I am now entirely free from my cough, and attribute my recovery entirely to your Expectorant. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

JAMES M. BARNES.

Pittsburg, Oct. 20, 1847.

The above is from a gentleman well known to me, and I believe it to be entirely correct.

JAMES M. BARNES.

Pittsburg, Oct. 20, 1847.

Mr. A. Jayne—*Dear Sir*—I have been afflicted for many years with a severe cough, which has at times reduced me very low. I have taken a great deal of medicine, but found no relief until I got a bottle of your Expectorant, which relieved me almost immediately. I have since recommended it to many of my friends, and they have found relief from its use. I am now entirely free from my cough, and attribute my recovery entirely to your Expectorant. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

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The above is from a gentleman well known to me, and I believe it to be entirely correct.

JAMES M. BARNES.

The above testimonials are from gentlemen of the highest standing in this city, and we have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Jayne's Expectorant to the public as a safe and reliable remedy for any emergency.

ANDREW B. HARPHAM,
Pastor of the Fourth Church, Darlington, Pa.

Dr. Jayne—*Dear Sir*—Having used your family for eight years, your Carminative Balsam, I deem it due to humanity and myself to say that I have found it a most excellent remedy for Dysentery, and applied some liniment and Sanative Pills, and found them to be a specific in all cases. Your Expectorant, and applied some liniment and Sanative Pills, and found them to be a specific in all cases. Your Expectorant, and applied some liniment and Sanative Pills, and found them to be a specific in all cases. Your Expectorant, and applied some liniment and Sanative Pills, and found them to be a specific in all cases. Your Expectorant, and applied some liniment and Sanative Pills, and found them to be a specific in all cases.

Respectfully yours, JOHN C. HARPHAM,
Pastor of the Methodist Church, Darlington, Pa.

The names of hundreds of others equally respectable can be given, if required, and can be seen at the office of the Depot in the world for the cure of Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

PROFESSOR WOOD'S CELEBRATED HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair in beauty to old age, and those who are already bald have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR TONIC.

Proper to read without prejudice the following concentrated testimonials, which we have received from every quarter of the country, and which we have carefully selected from the rest. The elsewhere as specimens of the character and number of the testimonials we have received in favor of PROFESSOR WOOD'S CELEBRATED HAIR TONIC.

Hamilton, Feb. 15, 1846.

Dr. D. Jayne—*Dear Sir*—I am happy to inform you that the bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was effected in my appearance, my hair was thin, and was rapidly falling off. I now grieve that I had not used it three times as much as I have used it, for I am now in possession of a fine glossy hair, much like that I have had if I had not used it at all. I would recommend to that I have had if I had not used it at all. I would recommend to that I have had if I had not use it three times as much as I have used it, for I am now in possession of a fine glossy hair, much like that I have had if I had not used it at all. I would recommend to that I have had if I had not use it three times as much as I have used it, for I am now in possession of a fine glossy hair, much like